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# McCall—That's All

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By Robert Minor



**THE RIB**  
BY HELEN ROWLAND  
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## She Explains Woman for the Benefit of Man.

ARE you a "misunderstood woman"? So am I, gentle reader. So is every woman. If any man ever SHOULD "understand" one of us it would break his heart. Because then he would no longer have a nice, cute, deep, dark, little picture-puzzle round the house to amuse him.

Like the riddle of the Sphinx, woman's "fascinating mystery" is a lovely little myth invented by man and located entirely in his own imagination. "I never WILL understand my wife!" is his favorite exclamation. And he says it with the same pride and self-complacency with which he might remark "I never lose at poker!"

As a matter of fact, his wife is just as simple and human and easily understood as he is. But that is exactly why he can't understand her. He is looking for something complicated. A saint or a devil she may be—but human? Never! To acknowledge that would be to acknowledge that there might be a REASON for her "moods," and—oh, perish the thought!—HE might prove to be the reason. And it would never occur to him that he could possibly be responsible for anything she may do, or think, or say, or feel. Yet every act of a woman's life is based on or inspired by something a MAN has done or said, right or wrong, good or bad, kind or cruel. She is the moon that reflects the sun—but you couldn't persuade the sun that it was HIS fault when the moon rose or sank.

So, when a man comes home some evening expecting to be greeted with a glad cry of welcome and is received with a shower bath of tears or a cold and haughty stare it needs no explanation to him to look for a CAUSE. There COULDN'T be any. It's her "fascinating mystery." It never occurs to him that he forgot to kiss her that morning, or that his bar bill may have been sent to the house by mistake, or that she may have come across that little note he accidentally left in the clothes that were to be sent to the tailor's. And even when she goes to the trouble to explain it to him with a diagram and full marginal notes, he merely closes his eyes and waits for her to "finish," as he would wait for a train to go by.

"On her nerves again," he murmurs, sadly. "Oh, well, she'll get over it." And then he goes out and takes—"another."

## The "Deepest, Darkest Mystery."

And now comes the deepest, darkest mystery of all. A man MIGHT vaguely comprehend a woman's wrath, but he NEVER knows why she gives him. By the time he returns she has had a long while to think it over. In the dark watches of the night she has reasoned it out calmly and logically, and perhaps has come to the conclusion that after all it is better to be loved and abused than not to be loved at all. Or she has done a little lightning calculating and concluded that half a man's affections and ALL his salary are better than no husband at all and a job as stenographer. Or she has decided that PEACE, gentle peace, is worth any price—and has made up her mind to try to forgive him, or to do so can only be explained as a mysterious phenomenon. Especially does this puzzle him if she happens to be "nice and pleasant" to him.

Now, a man never goes out of his way to be "nice and pleasant" to a woman unless he has some sort of sentimental interest in her. But a woman may be nice and pleasant to a man for any one of a number of reasons: Just because she likes him, or just for hospitality's sake, or just because she wants to make another man jealous, or just because she has nothing else to do. Immediately he concludes that she is "leading him on," or at least that since he is in love with her she MUST be in love with him. And when he actually proposes and is rejected his chagrin is excelled only by his astonishment that she could be so blind to her own luck. What on earth did the girl MEAN? Mystery again!

## A Man Never Understands.

Another cause of woman's "fascinating mystery" is man's blind, impenetrable egotism. A man never understands why a woman does or doesn't love him—particularly why she DOESN'T. The most difficult thing on earth for him to believe is that any woman on whom he has set his heart could possibly fail to respond. So many women have set their hearts on him in vain that her failure to do so can only be explained as a mysterious phenomenon. Especially does this puzzle him if she happens to be "nice and pleasant" to him.

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## Fables of Everyday Folks.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

The Man Who Wrote Letters.

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ONCE upon a time there was a man who had many ATTRIBUTES. He seemed to know just what to do and what to say on all occasions. He had a perfect plan. He had very winning ways—that is, he won his way into many a fair lady's heart. He called them "cases." He also went on the theory that one good case deserved another. He always had such a nice way of getting out of these "cases" when he tired of them! One of his FAVORITE methods was

that of doing so many unkind things that the lady had to tell him to go. Thereupon he thought he was "such a gentleman" for not having taken the initiative himself; which is the way some men have.

So he traveled the long lane of love. But it, too, has a turning. At the turning he met—another girl. Not unlike her sisters who went before, in the particular, she fell in love with him, and the course of courtship moved on quite as the others had.

There were the usual candy and flowers and telephone messages and—letters. Now, as this girl was unusually interesting, the winning process was not so easy, and consequently was more ARDENT. He used every wily way that he knew. He led her to believe (as usual) that she was his "first, last and only love," and continued to write—more letters.

After a time his flickle spirit wanted to float away again and he began his CUSTOMARY tactics. But this time the "female of the species" a veritable twentieth century product, believing in equal rights, was not so easily turned aside. In truth, she saw through his courtship veneer and thought he ought to be made an object lesson.

Therefore since the court of Cupid had played her false she sought another court. And now the "hot from the heart" effusions became Exhibits A, B, C, etc., and the cold gray dawn looked down on them on the Judge's desk. The man wondered that he could have written so many—and such PALPITATING ones.

Yet there they were—intended for two lovely blue eyes, but now viewed by the populace. He paid the price, and it was a good one. It fulfilled a double purpose, for his methods became so widely known that he could not continue in the SAME game.

A wise friend whispered the following old moral to him:

"DO RIGHT AND FEAR NO MAN. DON'T WRITE AND FEAR NO WOMAN."

Ware Extra!

General Beany  
You'll have to  
start a war I ain't goin  
to do no more spurrin  
I ain't got ter. I'd  
better fight now cuz  
I got good grounds  
to fight. The Unknown  
3-0 + 2-0 + 2-0 + 2-0  
So don't wait no longer

## TWO MORE IN THE LINE-UP.

AT LAST Mr. Murphy incubated and produced Edward A. McCall, President of the Public Service Commission, as his candidate for Mayor. Mr. McCall accepted the designation though protesting that he wanted it to go to some one else. And before sundown Mayor Gaynor announced that he would run as an independent candidate with a full ticket of his own.

When William Sulzer lured Mr. McCall from the bench to take a \$15,000 position at the head of the Public Service Commission it was intimated that the Mayoralty lay but an easy step ahead. Mayor Gaynor had served the transit corporations so handily that he might have felt secure of his renomination by Murphy. But the Boss has found him cantankerous in other directions. Mr. McCall since he has been in office has earned the confidence of the corporations. He has always had that of Murphy, which Mayor Gaynor lacks. As between the two, Tammany's choice is no more surprising than is the Mayor's close-following decision to stand as a third candidate upon a pinnacle of august and solitary virtue.

When the subway contracts were being put through Mr. McCall lined up with Mr. McAneny against the strongly opposite views of John Purroy Mitchell, the Fusion candidate. If, therefore, the subway question were to loom large in the campaign the issue as between these two candidates would be well joined.

We do not believe, however, that the subway will be or ought to be an issue. Fusion is already confused enough. The announcement of Mayor Gaynor's candidacy will force the Fusionists to take their bearings anew and figure how they can keep the "mugwump" vote from trailing happily after His Honor. To inject into the campaign a new element of wrangling in the shape of the subway issue would only confound the situation further. The best hope of getting Fusion to stay fused until it has fulfilled its purpose is to keep before it one single end and aim—the defeat of Murphy.

The issue is Murphy. Admit no other.

"I have had a pretty hard time for four years," sighs the Mayor. But if it must be—

## AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

ONE IS almost persuaded sometimes that this country is proud of its own waste and extravagance. We believe it is the rich and charming master of the Southern household in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" who says he knows that his cook has seventy-seven sugar bowls, one in every corner of the house, and that she probably feeds the whole country from his kitchen, but "the point is she gets up capital dinners." In much the same way when our attention is drawn to the millions upon millions we lavish on pleasures and luxuries without even bothering to ask if we are getting full value for our money we often reply: Well, after all, the country is prosperous and a fine place to live, and that's the main thing.

A man who handles between \$60,000,000 and \$70,000,000 every year and who, as Comptroller of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank of this city, is an authority on the subject of thrift, gives remarkable figures in The Sunday World Magazine for to-morrow, showing the colossal extravagance which keeps our savings from being twice or three times what they are. We spend more each year for automobiles than for household furniture. "We pay our chauffeurs and garage mechanics more than we do our public school teachers." In the last ten years we have spent enough on diamonds alone to build the Panama Canal. These are only a few of the facts that show up our national extravagance. Are they facts to rejoice over?

Col. Roosevelt is to write about the life of a lion for a magazine. He has been one himself for quite a spell.

## The Day's Good Stories

### Minus Nothing.

IT had been enough to be a young doctor, a young lawyer or a young preacher—their work is worth very, very little—but how much more it is to be a young scold, whose work is worth minus nothing, whose work, instead of creating value, destroys it.

The speaker was Charles (Trudy), the scold of Philadelphia. He continued with a smile: "Why don't you have your statue carved out of that block of marble?" one young scold called out. "Then your money will be all gone and you'll have nothing but a clay model for your work."

"Well, you see," was the other young scold's reply, "as long as I don't make a statue out of that block of marble I can sell it."—Washington Star.

### A Movable Feast.

WESTERNER attending a picnic, instant clamor for the first time authority in came aware that he was not quite so comfortable as he had been at the beginning.

"Look here," he said to Senator A., his neighbor at the table; "you are a native and know the rules of the game. Now, I'd like to know when to stop eating."

"Well," responded the Senator, with a smile, "my rule is this—I eat myself at the start, eat myself four inches from the table, and when I feel myself reaching it I know it is time to stop back."—St. Louis Times.

### Abating the Nuisance.

TO make sure the youngster was not bothering the fish, the fisherman, the game warden, best his string of fish out of the water and found only a fish, perch and suckers on the line. A few feet further down the stream he found a huge black bear fighting on a string reeled down with a stone and asked the boy what he was doing with the fish.

"Well, you see," answered the boy, "he's been telling me that all morning and so I just tied him up there until I got through fishing."—National Food Magazine.

### And This From England.

SMITH was a constant worry to his friends. They never knew when to and when not to treat him seriously, since, as he frankly admitted, he delighted in pulling other people's legs.

One day he and Brown met casually in the street and stopped, as friends often do, to gossip for a while.

"Big blue, that fire at the factory in Johnson street last night, wasn't it?" asked Brown.

## The Week's Wash

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By Martin Green

"If the people in charge of Harry Thaw only could keep him gagged," remarked the head polisher, "they might be able to prove that he isn't crazy."

"Oh, I don't know," said the laundry man. "It might have been contended a few weeks ago that because a man talks crazy he is crazy. But the Sulzer incident at Albany has come up since then. And Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania hadn't made his speech in the Senate advocating the sending of the United States army into Mexico to plunk guitars and sing love songs to the senile of that pulsating republic."

"Getting back to Thaw, his escape was a matter of much nourishment to the 'I-told-you-so' people who have been predicting, ever since he was sent to Matteawan, that no prison or insane asylum could hold him and his money. It took Thaw five years to make good for the prophets, and now he is showing the people at large what an edge a man with plenty of money has over the man with none, for a little, when it comes to finding hiding places behind the provisions of the law."

"No wonder the radical Socialists and the I. W. W. are growing in strength. Their percentage is strong, for in addition to their own efforts they have the aid of such happenings as that now in progress in the capital of the State and the Thaw proceedings in Canada to establish that the law may be openly defied by political power and wealth. 'Advice of counsel' is the dominating note in politics and business to-day. And with the smartest lawyers studying almost exclusively how to beat or evade the law while the upholding of the law is left largely to boneheads the poor old law is a feeble institution."

### For New Yorkites.

"I WONDER how the Yellow Taxicab Company is going to come out with its plan to maintain a taxicab service that is to make a specialty of charging higher fares than other companies," asked the head polisher.

"The scheme ought to be a winner," replied the laundry man. "I am talking from knowledge of the state of mind of a very large number of New Yorkers. 'These folk like to be skinned. The man with lucidity enough to make them think they are doing something fashionable when they pay exorbitantly for any service is overwhelmed with custom. All the boobies do not come into New York on the trains."

"If the Yellow Taxicab people stand pat and can get the idea spread about that yellow is an exclusive color in vehicles they ought to cash. We may soon expect to see supercilious persons sneering from the windows of yellow taxis just as enthusiastically as though they were riding in their own machines or in machines borrowed from friends. The satisfaction of paying more for a thing than it is worth and letting everybody know it is close to a heavenly condition of mind with many in our population."

### Getting Into Shape.

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that Col. Roosevelt has been attending a snake dance of the Hop Indians out in Arizona."

"The same being great training," said the laundry man, "for the experience he is to encounter when he returns to the municipal campaign in New York."

## The Nate Little Man

By Eugene Geary

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SEE how the neighbors politely know to him!

Watch how the ladies respectfully bow to him!

Why such a great elevation iv brow to him!

Troth, he's not built on the sky-scraper plan!

"There's Mather Fitz," cry the childer in flocks;

The clothes that he wears are a series iv shocks.

From bottle green necktie to lavender socks—

A thrilly complete little, nate little man.

"Sixty years old," dye say? That's the joke iv it.

Which is reminding me, now that ye spoke iv it.

Time passes by, an' he ne'er hears the stroke iv it;

Misther Fitzpatrick looks forty, no more.

Niver the likes iv his singin' I heard, An' for his dancin', I give ye me word. 'Tis "The Connaght Man's Rambles" he thrills like a bird.

In the fanciest steps ever seen on a floor.

Fortune, they say, has a prize in her lap for him; Luck, dye mind, always stopped up the sap for him.

Widow O'Flaherty's settin' her cap for him;

Maybe 'twill end in a weddin' bag.

Then we'll be drinkin' the health iv the bride.

An' shakin' the hand iv the groom at her side;

Troth, it was almost near time he was tied.

An' toatin' both shins at the side iv the hob.

## Beany and the Gang

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By P. L. Crosby

